Soc 1147.6(4)
XPS 217(4)

10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. IV **MARCH, 1909** **No. 1**

THE ANGEL OF DISCONTENT

By SAM WALTER FOSS.

When the world was formed, and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels was named
The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt within the caves of the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings,
And the tiger leers and the she-wolf howls,
And he told of better things.

And he led men forth to the towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn;
And he told of the ampler work ahead
For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
In the blush of the golden west;
And they look to the light of his lifted eye
And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye doth the slave behold
A hope that is high and brave,
And the madness of war comes into his blood,
For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong in the light of that eye
March on with victorious songs;

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
Keller

For the strength of the right comes into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That error's mists are rent—
A guide to the table-land of Truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye,
And his glance is far away,
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
Of a diviner day.

❧ ❧ ❧

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE American people have inaugurated a new President.

Mr. Taft is not a man to be made "light" of. He will bring tremendous pressure to bear upon his exalted—seat. The vested interests, however, whose alleged fear of Roosevelt it was quite comic to behold, may now regain the equanimity of the good McKinley days. The White House will lose its Hippodrome attractions, perilous tight-rope walking will be eliminated, spectacular pyrotechnics severely proscribed, and all will settle down to a staid, dignified pace.

Capital will "regain confidence," which means more intense exploitation; political corruption will fear no sporadic disturbances; respectable muck will cease to be agitated by irreverent rakers. And over all will spread the benign broad smile, expansive and soothing, diffusing the oil of refined sham and hypocrisy over the turbulent waters. And all will be peace and content.

But injunctioned labor? The producers of the country's wealth, whose conditions of life are daily growing more insupportable; the thousands of unemployed walking the streets of our rich cities, cold and hungry; the factory children of tender age, whose little stomachs are never full; who will bring rest and contentment to them?

"God knows!" * * *

THE peculiar character of our boasted civilization is strongly illumined by the action of the jobless worker who broke a plate-glass window in order to be arrested.

"I did not want to commit suicide," the man told the judge. "I saw the policeman standing near, and I knew he'd arrest me for smashing the window, and then I'd at least get something to eat and drink. It may be that I shall have to break stone for this thing. All right; I am willing. I want to work, but I'm bound to eat."

What an atrocious paradox is the thing we call civilization! The greater the wealth produced, the more intense our poverty; plentitude of useable foodstuffs spells starvation; superfluity of all necessaries of life means greater distress and hunger; increased ability to multiply production inevitably leads to decreased consumption. In fine, the richer we wax as a nation, the poorer as individuals.

Such is the perversity of a system based on production for *profit* instead of *use*.

* * *

ALL great causes have had their martyrs and—traitors. Christ had his Judas; the American colonies, their Benedict Arnold; the Russian Revolution, its Aseff.

The lovers of Russian liberty need not despair, however. No mere police spy, no agent provocateur, temporarily disastrous though his activity be, can for long suppress the fires of popular revolution. They will soon break out again, with redoubled vigor, renewed strength, and enriched experience.

Many, all too many lives of Russia's noblest sons and daughters have been treacherously sacrificed by the modern Iscariot. The past cannot be undone. But the precious blood that has dyed Russian scaffolds and Siberian snows will not have been shed in vain if the lesson taught by Aseff is taken to heart.

That lesson reads plainly: Centralization, always destructive, is especially fatal in matters of revolutionary, terroristic activity. Greater agitation among the masses, the real backbone of every revolution; systematic popular training in voluntary co-operation, and *free scope to individual initiative*—these are the preparatory steps toward successful revolution. Above all, the complete autonomy of each group is ever the best safeguard against potential Aseffs.

A RADICAL friend writes:

"The trouble with you is that you are a born pessimist. You seem to be surprised by every victory and to expect that each check will spell defeat. I think we are winning right along."

I wish I could believe that "we are winning right along." But self-delusion is a false optimism. No careful observer of conditions can deny that radicalism has made no progress whatever in this country during the last twenty years. On the contrary; the spirit of democracy has been gradually weakened, with results all too evident in the social, political, and even our family life. Imperialism is impregnating every phase of the national existence; the boundaries of Federal paternalism have gradually widened, local independence correspondingly narrowed, and the power of authority and capital systematically centralized.

The mission of radicalism, broadly considered, is to direct the wheels of progress along the road of greater liberty and increased opportunity, toward the goal of complete individual and social emancipation. That cannot be accomplished by delusive attempts to correct this or that abuse of power, economical or political. All power of man over man is essentially and inevitably abusive. True radicalism means, if anything, uncompromising warfare against all power, as such,—in other words, Anarchism. Man must be left free to live, by having free access to the sources of life.

Yet I am by no means a pessimist. Indeed, I have exceeding faith in the potency of the ideal to mould the lives of men and nations. But the ideal must be presented to them in practical form. If radicalism, or Anarchism, has not achieved greater results, the fault lies not with the ideas; for all men love freedom, and the oppressed long to be emancipated. But the average mind must be appealed to along concrete lines. The ideal interests the masses only so far as it concerns their practical, every-day life. Hence it follows that we must carry to the people the gospel of liberty in a concrete, constructive form, interpreting to them the events of their lives in the light of true freedom, and pointing out, by word and example, the ways and means by which labor can come

into its inheritance and man freed from the governmental curse.

Palliatives and half-measures will not do. These merely serve to delude the people and cultivate their faith in the efficacy of reform, where none is possible. Political clap-trap is the worst enemy of mankind, strengthening, as it does, the bulwarks of authority, weakening self-reliance, and leading the people to expect relief from above.

The pyramid of lies, fraud, exploitation, and suppression, called modern society, is built upon monopoly backed by violence. To destroy this body and soul-killing foundation of robbery and rule is the true purpose of progress; indeed, 'tis the initial step toward a human civilization. Pandering to popular stupidity is not the means. Fear of offending delicate sensibilities will not accomplish the object. Begging alleviation of the powers that be will not prove a cure. Salvation lies on the road of persistent agitation; the bold breaking of icons; the complete unmasking of respectable fraud and emasculated reform. The weakening of the authoritarian spirit; the corresponding strengthening of self-reliance; practical training in co-operative efforts, based on solidarity of interests; and direct action, individual and collective, in all phases of human endeavor—herein lies the hope of efficient achievement.

* * *

THE way of the transgressor against the accepted fact is hard. To disturb approved respectability is fatal. To sin against self-satisfied stupidity means death.

But the mountain air is pure and bracing. The light strong and warm. They clear the vision, strengthen the spirit, and inspire to do and dare, in the face of all peril.

* * *

COMRADE Emma Goldman informs us from Los Angeles that, owing to the many vicissitudes of the past month (including abominable weather, poor attendance at lectures, over-exertion, and general low spirits), she is unable to contribute to the contents of this issue of MOTHER EARTH. We hope, however, that in the next number our valiant friend will continue the Odyssey of an agitator.

RELIGION CONSIDERED

By Karl Walter.

RELIGION is that branch of human thought which deals positively with the unknown.* In prehistoric times, when the acquired knowledge of the race began to reach beyond the material necessities of life, the mysteries of birth and death attracted man's attention. Out of these mysteries sprang Phallic, or sex worship, and ancestor worship. India has preserved many emblems and rites of sex worship; in China the cult of the ancestors is still the national characteristic. The twentieth century does not bow down to effigies of the organs of reproduction, nor does each family canonize its forefathers. Other elements of mystery, the sun, moon, and stars, for example, no longer form definite objects of worship. Modern religion, the synthesis of mysteries, could only be attained by the gradual recognition of the unity of all mystery, with a consequent or contemporary blurring, and often willful disguising of its crude origins. Let us see, briefly, how this has taken place in the evolution of Christianity.

Christianity is the descendant of Judaism. What is Judaism? Whence did it spring? Why did it survive?

The history of Judaism is told in the first part of the Bible, the Old Testament. There are other Hebrew books, but the evolution of Judaism can be seen in that one book, or collection of scraps of books. For, in the first place, the Bible, as presented by those who "believe in it," is one of the biggest literary frauds ever published. One by one the fictions that have so long held it apart from all other literature are falling away. Few people now believe that Moses wrote the first five books, or any part of them. It is pretty evident from reports of research work made last year at the Congress of Religious History, at Oxford, England, that Moses never existed as an individual. The name is thought to have been that of a leading clan or tribe having privileges of religion afterwards claimed by the Levites. And so with every name in the early parts of Jewish literature. And

---

*I did not see until after this was written that I had practically dismissed the subject in a sentence!

so with its god, Jehovah, or Jahveh, probably simply a war-cry in origin.

This brings us to the cause of Israel's religion outliving all other Western attempts at religious synthesis. Back of every religion is to be found a mythology. Why not back of Judaism? The reason is obvious. Because those who undertook to make that religion one of the greatest forces the world has ever known, purposely and skillfully concealed the complexity of its origin. "Thou shalt have no other gods but me"—that was the real issue in those day of unlimited and unlicensed gods and goddesses. Moreover, the reformers of Israel were careful to discard all familiar stories, such as the Romans delighted to tell, about their gods. The one god of Israel was more remote, more mysterious, more abstract than any of the other gods from which the Israelites could have chosen their national deity, and by these qualities his creators have succeeded in making him the most imposing figurehead in religion and the most popular bogey in the childhood of Western civilization.

The mythology of Judaism is slowly coming to light throught the patient work of Hebrew and Assyrian scholars. By a thorough investigation of the names and incidents in the Bible they are proving the origin of Judaism to be a mythology rich in star, ancestor, and sex worship. What they never will be able to tell is the true motive of the reformers who created Jehovah. Was it a supreme (and successful) effort to find an abiding principle of unity among the many clans and tribes that were Israel? Or was it a trick of the dominant tribe, or of the fighting men of the tribes, or of the physically lazy men, to insure a regular tribute from the shepherds and peasants and workers of Israel? Did national unity precede, coincide with, or follow the exaltation of Jehovah to an isolated heaven?

Such questions are doubtless of sociological interest, but the one economic fact that stands out most clearly in the history of Judaism, as indeed in every known religion, is that it was the means of maintaining a privileged class or tribe. When all men were more or less fighters, this religious class was the chief economic burden of the workers. The landlord, the judge, the government are largely products of an "advancing" civilization.

The priests and pastors of to-day are the social descendants of the Levites. With this difference, that they are much more firmly seated on the backs of the workers through the extensive landlordism and capitalism of the churches. Of their intellectual power of evil there will be more to say later.

Primitive Christianity was a social revolt against the tyranny of religious privilege. It may even be doubted whether the communistic movement, suppressed by the Romans in Palestine, was originally dominated by the extreme religious fanaticism attributed to it by the account written down long afterward by unknown historians, who wrote with a religious, not historic, purpose. But presumably there was a strong element of religious devotion to the inspirer of the movement. Even to-day the sentiment is to be found among the devotees of revolutionary thinkers. In the case of the followers of Jesus this fetichism, similar in character to the mystic love of Dante for Beatrice, or the calf-love of an idealistic youth, this devotion to an idealized personality soon obliterated any trace of the original cause of its growth. The principles of Christ's teaching were abandoned before the Christian church was founded. The part it has played in the rise of Western civilization is one long story of mental, moral, and physical tyranny of the most brutal kind. It still retains much of its mental and moral power, not only among masses unevolved from a state of feudalism in all except externals, but also in the United States, where, by adding mild social attractions to its power of respectability-sanctuary, and by abandoning the final vestiges of intellectual conviction, the churches have attracted and held hundreds of thousands who are taught to pray without faith, and think without logic. What do they go to church for? What is religion now?

A philosophical definition of religion has already been attempted. But to consider religion of to-day objectively, one would have to abandon the insistence on the metaphysical. The mysteries of birth, life, and death surround us always; but in proportion as science has abandoned its pretensions to a scientific revelation of these mysteries, so has religion withdrawn its claims to a divine revelation of them. Step by step science has been absorbing the supreme human qualities of reverence and humility.

Religion, in its quality of lackey of constituted physical power, has so preverted the conception of reverence and humility that to many they are indicative of fawning and weakness. That is what they are to the churches. To the scientists they are the mental qualities of a conqueror. In psychological combination with doubtful metaphysics they are liable to produce a "religion," however; Christian Science, for example. The essentially religious qualities —a reverence for every part of nature displayed, and for the undisplayed mysteries of birth, life, and death; a humility as of the individual worker in the ranks of scientific research—these are the very qualities we do not find in the "religions" of the twentieth century.

A "religious" conviction is the bit used with the bridle of religious authority. Without a bridle it leads to fanaticism. Hence, argue the priests, the necessity for religious authority. It is quite logical, on the assumption that children should be poisoned, to demand that they be afterwards kept in hospitals and be given another poison as antidote. It is logical, according to the reasoning of a Christian world quite dominated by the "eye for an eye" principle. It carries out the now essential idea of exchange, the balance of eyes and poisons being necessary to the continuation of the world's movement, considered not as evolution, progress, but a mere oscillation in answer to prayers. A "religious" conviction seems to be purely a matter of early training. The churches recognize this by their undignified scramble for impressionable children, in schools, Sunday schools, church clubs, and institutions of many kinds. Here the minds of helpless children are violated with much the same result as physical outrage. Mental abuse is as horrible to the thinker as physical abuse is to every sentient being. It is no wonder that the predominant note of the mental life of Western civilization is coarseness. The tender shades of physical feeling are lost by those who experience great sensations too early in their youth. The appalling generalizations of religion have the same effect on a child's mind, blunting the edge of its perception, and so disorganizing the delicate machinery that nothing but a complete overhauling, a mental revolution, can fit it for its true purpose in maturity.

The worst is that mental revolution comes to few.

The great majority, it is true, desert the "faith in which they were brought up." They stop going to church because it bores them. But such is the curse of the religious mind-wreckers that these leave church, the first step in the overhauling process, only to discover that "it may be a fraud, but we must help to keep it going for those who need it." (As if fraud could really help mankind, individually or collectively.) With their awful generalizations of the mysteries and wonders of life, the churches have unfitted these minds for a revolution that would set their perceptions and mental machinery to work on the real mysteries and wonders and joys of everyday life. But they cannot think or reason or enjoy. So they take to coarse pleasures as the only relaxation from coarse business, support the churches, and slowly drift back to them in time to be "decently" buried.

The authority of a church creed or doctrine is as terrible as that of any despot or State, in its results. By it men's minds are kept in subjection. There is only one thing worse in the world, "the authority of Christ," a formula frequently used by those who recognize the church's evil effect on others, but not on themselves. The mystic who has launched his vessel, and still drags that anchor, will never sail far. Good men cannot use such formulæ freely without either becoming their slaves, or doing harm to ignorant minds. In the hands of bad or indifferent men they are worse than chains.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE PARIS COMMUNE

By LE TRIMARDEUR

THE revolutionary proletariat of all countries yearly assembles on the eighteenth of March to pay homage to the memory of the Commune heroes. Whatever differences of language and custom there may exist among the workers, they are all inspired, as one man, with the cry, *Vive la Commune!*

Behind this slogan is a long history; and its character is thoroughly revolutionary. Already in the fifteenth century the Commune was proclaimed in various cities, de-

manding the independence of the commonwealth, and resulting in bitter struggles with the centralized power of that time.

Those uprisings were not forgotten. And when, at the outbreak of the great French Revolution, the Third Estate completely abolished the feudal aristocracy, it was again the banner of *Vive la Commune* around which gathered all the revolutionary elements. This spirit of the Commune materialized in the storming of the Bastille, resulting in the fall of the monarchy, and forcing the Convention to energetic action.

The French Revolution was the emancipation of the bourgeoisie. It destroyed feudalism and conquered for the Third Estate social as well as political supremacy. Yet the import of the great uprising was still more far-reaching: while giving birth to the one, it was already pregnant with another revolution. The most progressive revolutionaires of that day, Marat, Hébert, Babeuf, had already raised the social question. They foresaw but too well to what results the victory of the Third Estate was to lead; they prophesied the coming struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

When later, in 1848, the clouds of revolution again burst over Europe, the workingmen proved that they were beginning to awaken to the consciousness of their position; they immediately came to the front with their special social demands, demands terrifying to the bourgeoisie and frightening it into the protecting fold of the former "order."

It was workingmen who stood in the foreground of the revolution of 1848, sacrificing their lives in street battles against the reactionary hordes. They believed themselves on the threshold of their emancipation, but were sadly disappointed. Hardly did the bourgeoisie take hold of the reins of government, when they made common cause with their former enemies in mutual oppression of the laboring class. And when the latter attempted a last stand, in the month of June, at Paris, they were mowed down with terrible brutality.

The June battle was the beginning of the warfare of the proletariat against modern capitalism. The bitterness of that struggle gave a foretaste of what was to come.

The cruelty with which the conquered were treated evidenced the determination of the bourgoisie to give no quarter.

The history of these struggles was kept alive. From generation to generation fathers recounted to their sons the events of those days: The description of the scenes which witnessed the heroic fights of a handful of men, women, and children against terrible odds,—all these revolutionary legends busied the imagination of the young generations.

That the events of the past left their deep impress upon the future was proved on the eighteenth of March, 1871, when revolutionary Paris rose with the historic cry, *Vive la Commune!*

To-day we fully realize the meaning of the Paris Commune. The proletariat is familiar with its history, deeds, and battles; it understands its sufferings and mistakes.

Endless pictures unroll themselves before the eyes of every revolutionary at the recollection of the heroic days of the Commune. The fight for the possession of the cannons, the proclamation of independence, the daily skirmishes around the Parisian forts, the street fighting during the bloody week; the bestiality of the Versailles troops, the massacres, courts-martial, and deportations—all these pictures remain unforgotten.

Since this historic upheaval—the second attempt of the modern proletariat to overthrow capitalism—a new spirit is permeating the ranks of labor. The very errors of the Commune are proving a salutary lesson; they will not be repeated. The Commune of the future will not be a matter of mere temporary arrangement; but rather a definite social change, based on co-operative production and free distribution, that is, Anarchist Communism. Above all, it will not be only a local change; the coming social revolution will be international.

The heroes of 1871 have not died in vain. Their deeds still inspire the workingmen of the world and point the way to final emancipation.

AMERICA AND RUSSIA

By LEO TOLSTOY.

IF only I had begun to preach love and brotherhood when I first began to write stories, I should have accomplished more. It was Schopenhauer and the Bible that converted me.

I am an individualist and as such believe in free play for the psychological nature of man. For this reason I am claimed by the Anarchists. Even George Brandes declares that I am in philosophical harmony with the ideas of Prince Kropotkin.

The idea of Communism, and what it implies, refers to social conditions and their improvement. It would be senseless for me to demand that every one should sleep as little as I do, eat the same food, wear the same clothes, or have the same feelings which are peculiar to me. A man is not a watch. Each is a world in himself. It is, therefore, an illusion to believe in materialistic economy as if it were a religion. It is foolish, therefore, to worship the idea of Socialism. I worship the soul of man, which is the only reality.

After all, it does seem as if the world likes to be deceived. If we did not have our illusions we could never find the truth. Through error we come to virtue, through ignorance to knowledge, through suffering to joy.

These opinions are naturally not popular with the Socialists, who therefore oppose me with bitterness. They love to spread broadcast the rumor that I am, instead of a doer of the word, a mere talker.

In my preachments of love and truth I am not partisan. I condemn both revolutionists and reactionaries. I loath the yoke of party; for I believe that all physical force is brutality.

My opposition to administrative power has often been interpreted into opposition to all government. This, however, is not true. I oppose only violence and the view that might makes right.

The only government in which I believe is that which exercises a moral authority. Moses, Buddha, Christ, these are the great law-givers, the real autocrats, who ruled not by force, but by character, whose government was one of love, justice, and brotherhood.

I do not believe in a parliament as the final goal of social leadership, for instead of simplifying it only complicates human society. Parliament becomes an instrument to cheat the people, in that it deceives them into thinking that it truly represents them. They say, "Vox populi, vox Dei," but that is never the case; for the greatest of illusions is that which supposes that society can be improved by law.

Just as I hate a hereditary potentate, so do I hate a cheap Duma. A government which relies on iron and explosives, which executes a murderer who is so because of insanity or of poverty, and which glorifies the butchery of innocent thousands is the greatest instrument for wrong, the worst of oppressors.

Now I will explain why I criticize free America as severely as I do Russia. It is because it also is tending to the rule of force. The methods may differ, but the results are the same.

It is true that America does not exile one to Siberia or hang one on the gallows for protesting against the government. But nevertheless it has its lynchings, and, what is far worse, its judicial murders. It has its great railroad casualties by which thousands are killed by the criminal carelessness of the great corporations, and besides all this, it has the exploitation of the poor by the rich.

All this proves that government can not improve the moral nature of man, and that brute force always defeats its object. There can be no coercion of the soul. Every law must have the sanction of the free will.

Where America surpasses Europe is in its personal liberty, which is the heritage of a race of heroes. But this is doomed to be extinguished by the legislatures of a time-serving generation.

The greatest indictment against any country is the presence of capital punishment—which exists in such a form as if Christ had never been born. The judge who sentences a criminal to death is ten times more guilty himself. Oh, that ideas of humanity could end this tyranny, this black hypocrisy of legal procedure under which so many crimes are committed against humanity!

Yet the root of all the evils of civilization lies in the perverted teachings miscalled Christianity. The modern

church is the greatest foe of man, and the churchgoer a blind dupe.

Of course, my views are extremely unpleasant to the Russian Church, and often it has plotted to get rid of me. Many suppose that I have so far escaped imprisonment simply because of my prominence, but there may be another reason, which I am unable to explain.

I am not afraid of any punishment, and would be happy if I might share it with the many martyrs who have suffered for truth and justice. Persecution gives freedom strength, and suffering ennobles and purifies.

Speaking of my past, I condemn myself unreservedly, for all my faults and errors were the natural result of my aristocratic birth and training, which is the worst thing that can befall a man, as it stifles every human instinct. Turgeneff wrote to me: "You have tried for many years to become a peasant in conduct as well as in ideas, but you nevertheless are the same aristocrat. You are good hearted and have a charming personality, but I have observed that in all your practical dealings with the peasants you remain the patronizing master who likes to be esteemed for his benefactions and to be considered the bounteous patriarch," in which he was very right.

I am not a lover of sports and athletics, for these I consider a misuse of energy, which might do much to relieve the poor. I am greatly in sympathy with the settlement work in America, but I do not believe in institutionalized charity or in mechanical philanthropy, but only in individual effort to relieve suffering.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE BOMB

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

I STOOD at Waldheim and gazed upon the graves of the dead. The golden rays of the setting sun were playing on the marble peaks and crosses, as if trying to warm the memory of those all but forgotten lives. Above, an azure sea, inlaid with tiny fleece, was softly flowing down the distant woods, that seemed to tremble expectant of the tender caress. And all was quiet around me, save for the low whisper of the leaves and the quickened breathing of the companion at my side.

I turned to look at her. In the bloom of mature womanhood her suppressed vitality seemed to palpitate for expression, every pore of her blithe figure eradiating the joy of living. How beautiful is life—I thought—with a beauty enhanced by the mystery of death, like the sun made more radiant by the thought of darkness. Ah, the sun! To live, like he, shedding sunshine, warmth, and cheer; to go one's way casting joyous life all around, and then slowly pass on, leaving sweet memories and buoyant hope.

The soft flutter of little wings suddenly recalled me to myself. The bird settled on a grave, and a volume of sweet tones poured forth from the tender throat. Was the life of those resting here such a joyous, sweet song? No strife to mar the peace and beauty of a glorious world, no hatred to embitter the sensitive soul, no thoughts of evil to pollute the spring of love, no sham or hypocrisy to deceive one's brother or oneself?

Ah, no! Those resting here knew never peace before. No sunshine poured on the paths clouded by black fear, no rays warmed the hearts chilled by malice, no joy filled the pale eyes of dread. Here they lie buried, the souls that never came to life for lack of inner sight, and thus they died unlived. And yonder in the great city, and all around and everywhere, men and women walk about, unburied yet dead, alive but not living, running and rushing, straining nerve and muscle, jostling and trampling each other in a mighty universal chaos. All dead in life.

All dead, buried beneath the weight of revered stupidity, stifled by self-imposed petty cares, held in eternal bondage by the bands of ignorance. Yet here before me rises, in all the majesty of conscious strength, the visible monument of the world's unthinkably brutal stupidity, the unsurpassed bestiality that has stifled the very voices which alone, out of numberless multitudes, dared to waken the dead, rouse them into life, and spread before them the feast of human brotherhood. Here they, too, lie buried, they who alone are still alive, and never can die. Here they lie buried, the eternal victims of power and darkness, Lingg and Parsons and Spies and Fischer and Engel. Ah, how vain to bury those that cannot die. . . . And there, above the immortal grave, stands the compelling figure that loving hands have reared upon the

bleeding martyred hearts. Wistful of face she stands, the ever-longing Mother, confidently proud and unutterably sad: full of pitying kindness for her foolish, suffering children, ever crucifying themselves in their saviors, yet proudly looking with steadfast eye into the world, with a mother's noble pride in the brave sons who dared break the evil spell of night and boldly climbed the mountain, triumphantly crying, The light! The light!

And as I gazed upon the glorious figure, the sinking sun sped its last rays upon the beautiful sad face, the eyes became illumined amid the falling shades, and in their depths I could read shining Hope.

* * *

Over twenty years have passed since that Black Friday when five of the noblest of their race were foully murdered by legal process. But the eleventh of November, 1887, is not forgotten. Indeed, there are crimes so stupendous and horrible that no ocean of time could wash them off the memory of man. The hanging of our Chicago comrades was such a crime. The passage of years merely serves to accentuate the atrocity of the deed. Nor can time mellow the deep hatred of social conditions which continue their existence only by the systematic repetition of the injustice and barbarity which, in 1887, culminated in the death of our friends.

No drop of martyr's blood was ever shed in vain, however. The hurrying feet of Time are powerless to efface the footsteps of the Liberty's pioneers, and the voice in the wilderness ever finds an echo in suffering hearts. True, to the shame of America it must be said that it permitted the commission of an outrage rivalling feudal times. Especially the American proletariat must feel their cheeks burn at the mention of the Chicago Anarchists: the working men of this country can never be forgiven the cowardice of passively witnessing the legal murder of their most devoted champions. They could have most easily foiled the conspiracy of greed, as they did years later in the case of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone.

But though the plutocratic cabal was carried to completion, the protest against the legal murder quickly found expression in the erection of the Anarchist monument at Waldheim. And when the insane terror of the people,

systematically fanned by a hireling press, somewhat subsided, there arose a man of compelling voice and courage who dared act the truth by liberating the three imprisoned Anarchists. Governor Altgeld gave the proof so dear to the American heart, the *legal* proof of our friends' innocence. And yet even his brave exposure of the capitalistic infamy was not sufficient to rouse the fair play loving American people to take a manly stand.

Indeed, poverty and political decapitation were the price Altgeld had to pay for challenging a hypocritical public opinion. The penny-a-liners of a prostitute press visited their paid wrath upon Altgeld, till he was driven from the political arena. To their eternal shame, and to that of American journalism generally, be it said that it remained for an Englishman, Frank Harris, to write the true story of the crime of 1887.

"The Bomb," recently issued in this country by the publishing house of Mitchell Kennerley, is a very notable book. Chiefly, perhaps, because of its spirit of fairness and justice to an unpopular cause, all too rare in this day of commercialized journalism. The author is evidently a man of great moral courage, possessing the supreme strength of defying respectable shams and cant. To the same courage was due Harris' steadfastness in his friendship for Oscar Wilde, after the latter's release from prison—something that can be said to the credit of but very few of the poet's friends.

The story of "The Bomb" is told in the form of an autobiography of Rudolph Schnaubelt, the alleged thrower of the Haymarket bomb. The tale is smooth and vivid, at times very forcible. Its most prominent feature is the complete sincerity of the narrator, boldly and truthfully describing the events that culminated in the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists. The author gradually unfolds the movement for an eight-hour workday, led by Spies, Parsons, and their coworkers. He skilfully pictures the violent opposition of the manufacturers; the savage exploitation and resultant strikes, and the unspeakable brutality of the police in shooting down unarmed men and women at peaceful gatherings. Nor did Frank Harris neglect to castigate with a powerful pen the harlot American press that by lies and willful misrepresentation of the workingmen, especially of the foreign-born

element, designedly encouraged the police to still greater outrages. The account of the events preceding the throwing of the bomb is pictured with historic accuracy. The conspiracy of the press and capital to inflame the popular mind against the strikers, the growing economic pressure and persecution, the desperate condition of the workers, and, finally, the spirit of human revolt culminating in the tragedy of the Haymarket—all these are told with convincing reality.

But "The Bomb" is by no means a mere photograph of men and events. It is a veritable human document, palpitating with the hopes and ambitions of the intelligent workingman, who bleeds at the degradation and oppression of his class and vainly seeks expression for his absorbing sympathies—vainly, because of our terrible social injustices and hypocritical cant.

The book is permeated by the spirit of profound sympathy with the ideal aspirations of the foreign-born workingmen in the large cities, who are shown to be the intellectual and revolutionary backbone of the American proletariat. It treats with rare appreciative understanding the exalted humanity of the Chicago Anarchists, though they are rather incorrectly classed by the author as Socialists. The heroic figure of Lingg dominates the greater part of the book, his remarkable personality pictured with great power, as well as the touching beauty of his relations with Ida, his sweetheart, the latter so different from, and yet so femininely akin to, the rather materialistic Elsie, the beloved of Rudolph.

Owing to the general excellence of the book, the presence of some inaccuracies is to be especially regretted. Among them, for instance, is the description of the English Socialist, Hyndman, as a Jew; the characterization of Lingg as the *only* Anarchist in the circle of Spies, Parsons, etc.; but, above all, the vital defect of imputing to Lingg the beliefs of a mere reformer who dreamed of a "State industrial army, uniformed and officered, employed in making roads and bridges, capitals and town halls, and people's parks, and all sorts of things for the common weal, and this army should be recruited from the unemployed. If the officers are good enough, believe me, in a year or two, service in the State army, at even a low rate

of wages, would carry honor with it, as our army uniform does now."

Yet the descriptive power of Frank Harris is so compelling, his sympathies so wide and intimate, that the discrepancy of a pronounced Anarchist like Lingg, uttering such silly reformer talk, does not grate too unpleasantly on the ear.

We welcome "The Bomb" as a distinct service in the cause of humanity. It cannot fail to carry to all fair-minded men the realization of the terrible governmental crime of which our Chicago comrades were the victims. It must waken a serious interest in a cause that inspires its exponents with the high-mindedness of a Spies, the noble self-sacrifice of a Parsons, the uncompromising devotion and courage of a Lingg. It will, moreover, convince the unprejudiced mind that the Haymarket tragedy was the direct result of police brutality, press incitement, and the suppression of free speech. But, above all, it must prove a powerfully effective object lesson, revealing our economic and social barbarities in the very act of developing the most well-intentioned man into a desperate bomb-thrower.

The Haymarket bomb was ignited by the hand of greed, violence, and persecution. In the last analysis it is ever the exploiter and oppressor that are the men behind the bomb. The real and only criminal is that monster, Society, smooth and snug, upholding our Ishmaelitish system, while hiding behind respectable innocence and crying, "All is well!"

The effort of Frank Harris will not fail to contribute a goodly share to a clear understanding of the psychology of the situation, thus accomplishing a great and very necessary work.

ALBERT LIBERTAD

By M. N.

DEATH, more cruel and stupid than ever, struck down comrade Albert Libertad, of Paris, the propagandist orator, and one of the founders of *L'Anarchie,* the weekly paper started in 1905, and the *Causeries populaires* (1902), those local popular meetings which form a new kind of propaganda worthy of more general use. After climbing up nearly the full height of Montmartre, one is faced, in the Rue de la Barre 22, by a two-roomed shop, door and windows in summer wide open to the street, which forms a quiet corner here. Even without entering, one sees one room full of young compositors at their printing-cases, and next to them, near the open door, some young women doing needlework or preparing food, with a baby or two thrown in in the middle near the table where all the office work is done, literature briskly sent out, etc. The back walls contain the stock of pamphlets, and a collection of advanced books forming a lending library.

In the evening the room is cleared a little, and forms are put up; the "popular discussions" begin—informal discussions, attended by people from the neighborhood and comrades, just the way to come in real contact with average people who feel shy of meetings, have no trust in orators, but may gradually be thawed by ordinary, unpretentious conversation. They get the books they want to take home; they soon see that these young Anarchists, not hindered by conventionalities and thoroughly disinterested, can help them in many little ways; they see them hard at work and yet free at the same time, arranging matters their own way and always merry. Such a *milieu* Libertad greatly helped to create, and I feel sure that his friends will keep together and continue the work.

For to me this example seems of no small importance. A Communist colony is mostly situated in a remote, isolated district; and an attempt to produce almost everything on the spot is hard work, tiring, often disappointing, and bringing too many cares for keeping the unbounded spirit of propagandism still alive in the off-hours. The transition, moreover, from ordinary to Communist life is

too sudden to appeal to greater numbers of surrounding people.

A *Syndicat,* again, unites men of the same trade, but living all over the city; if trade interest keeps them together, the absence of common local interest leaves them strangers in many respects. Public meetings and lectures are never frequented by large masses of people, whom in many cases a certain shyness, the consciousness of their ignorance, the unwillingness of grown-up people to be "educated," the distrust of ambitious orators and politicians, etc., keep away; whilst ordinary common-sense discussion may open their minds and clear away their prejudices.

Here, I think, the means adopted by Libertad and his friends show the right way to reach new strata of people. If more generalized, it would mean that everywhere, in the popular quarters, groups of Anarchists would start such small, informal, co-operative workshops, the real basis of effective local propaganda. Many could emancipate themselves, if not from a very frugal life, at least from the brutality of their slave-drivers, if with half-a-dozen comrades they would only co-operate steadily and practically at some trade where this is possible without a great outlay of capital; others could help in directing their custom to them. Where there is a will, there is a way—this is a proverb that is always worth repeating. Show the people in this way that it is possible not to let oneself be crushed by the capitalist system, but to make a stand against it. Only in such a way can be created the great number of really independent propagandists that will help to make a popular and efficient movement in place of spasmodic and ephemeral agitation. For these reasons, these *self-supporting propagandist groups in the midst of the people* seeemed worthy of fuller description.

Libertad—whose real name was Joseph Albert, born at Bordeaux in 1875—and Anna Mahé were the soul of the paper *L'Anarchie.* This is not so much a popular organ to hammer away with unceasing patience in the same place—useful and necessary work, no doubt, but not the exclusive task of *all* Anarchist papers. It is an organ where each article tries to contribute something new and original to the continuous evolution of Anarchist ideas. Libertad and his friends did so much popular propa-

gandist work that they instinctively found the means to avoid monotony by abstaining from producing popular literature the rest of the day, by trying to sharpen their minds by thinking further on the lines of Anarchist evolution. This seems to me an excellent way to recreate the mind of routine propaganda, and to advance further at the same time; diversity of efforts is often more efficient than the much-praised unity. Not all these efforts are of equal value, but there is certainly no Anarchist paper in which, during the last three years, Anarchism has obtained so many new sidelights and is shown so much to be a living idea in full evolution. E. Armand, whom another variety of stupid fatality keeps away now, helped on this elaboration of new ideas; only lately the group *L'Anarchie* published his remarkable book, "Qu'est ce qu'un Anarchiste?" (What is an Anarchist?) A new feature of the paper was a weekly review of the other French Anarchist papers, signed "Le Liseur," probably Libertad's work. This was not a repetition of commonplace summaries and compliments, but reckless, pithy criticism, adding many hints in the right direction.

This criticism stops at nothing—neither at ideas nor at men; and this made *L'Anarchie* unwelcome to many, some of whom cannot bear the light of criticism, whilst others wish the appearance of solidarity kept up by all means. Libertad had no sympathy nor mercy nor patience with either of them, which caused him to be considered as "anti-syndicatist," "individualist," and very troublesome in general. In reality, his mind was open to all possibilities of propaganda, all nuances of our ideas, their perpetual evolution, and improvement. He detested exclusivism—the Syndicalist proclaiming Syndicalism "self-sufficient," the Communist despising the slightest trace of Individualism, etc. He would also think and say: If we criticise and reject the political leaders, why should we silently submit to the Syndicalist leaders, simply because at present they seem to work in our interest? By this uncompromising attitude he became the bugbear of many, but certainly helped to awaken independent thinking in as many others.

His third field of action was numerous meetings. He could move only on crutches, but his thundering voice filled large halls, and many were his lecturing tours, ex-

tending as far as Geneva, before he was expelled from Switzerland. Once he was put on trial for advocating incendiarism, but he developed to the jury with great common sense the *hygienic* character of setting fire to slum dwellings, destroying thus the horrible, squalid surroundings which stifle people's energy, and which no patching up will ever mend. He was acquitted.

He and his friends also attended most other public meetings, and insisted on getting a fair hearing. If this was refused, they would stop at nothing, and this gave them a terribly bad reputation with all chairmen who pooh-pooh unwelcome discussion; still, they had to give way, and Anarchism conquered the platform.

From all this it will be concluded that Libertad was not very tender to his enemies, nor were they to him. To friends he was courteous and genial; it was a pleasure to discuss Anarchism with him. His untimely death—though an old propagandist, he was still young—will, I hope, not disperse the hopeful young movement which he had so much contributed to create around him and his group on Montmartre.—London *Freedom*.

❦ ❦ ❦

INDECENCY ON THE STAGE

By MARGARET GRANT.

MY friend Sarah Warner has just been to see me, and has left me all stirred up and worried. It seems that the stage has recently become very indecent; or else it has always been indecent, and Sarah has only just discovered it. In either case Sarah is engaged in preparing a paper on the subject to read to a club she belongs to—The Society of Good Women.

"Of course," said Sarah in her grim way, "you have noticed the modern tendency of the drama."

"Mercy, no!" I answered; "what is it?"

"Filth," she cried; "pure filth."

I wanted to ask her just what kind of filth pure filth was, but refrained because Sarah doesn't like what she calls frivolous questions; so I exclaimed in a non-committal way: "Really! Upon my word!"

"You don't mean to say that you hav'n't noticed it?" she said, in a tone deep with reprehension.

"I go to the theatre so little," I excused myself.

"I don't go much myself, as a rule, but the papers have been full of it."

"Oh! Full of filth? Well, they must put something in that people will read."

"No, no, Margaret!" she cried, "I don't mean that. I mean that all the papers have been calling attention to the indecency on the stage. And even some of the theatrical managers, who have decent plays that are not succeeding, are complaining of the indecent plays that are so successful."

"How disinterested of them!" I murmured.

"I don't know about that," said Sarah, who has a temperamental dislike to agreeing with anybody; "but it shows how very indecent the plays are when even theatrical managers say they are so."

"Yes," I agreed, "it must be a very nasty play that will shock a manager. But after all, need we be troubled, Sarah? The American people, descended from the pure-minded Puritans, to whom every pleasant thing was vile, can be depended upon not to patronize anything indecent."

"But these plays are being patronized," she declared vehemently.

"Then perhaps they are not indecent, Sarah. It would take a great deal to convince me that the American people, animated as they are by pure and lofty ideals, so easily shocked as they say they are by the slightest suggestion of impurity or indecency——"

"But I assure you that the plays are indecent; I have seen them—every one of them. I made Henry take me the moment I read what sort of plays they were."

"Perhaps," I suggested timidly, "the others who were present went, as you did, to satisfy themselves that the plays were really indecent."

Sarah snorted in disdain. It doesn't seem quite a proper word to use in describing anything done by an American woman, but in fact Sarah did propel the air violently through her nostrils.

"You would change your mind," she cried, "if you could have heard how every improper speech was laughed at. I told Henry what I thought of his conduct. I would have gone without him, if I had dared; but I

would not trust myself alone in those places where men's minds are inflamed by——"

She stopped and choked. She looked such a picture of acid virtue that I felt like reassuring her as to the impossibility of any man so far forgetting himself as to make advances to her. But there are some things that even the most virtuous woman does not like to be made too certain of.

"What," I asked, seeking to turn her mind from the contemplation of the danger she had been in from the inflamed minds of men, "what plays are they that are so indecent?"

"Well," she answered after a moment of painful reflection, "I don't know that I ought to tell you, Margaret, lest you should go yourself."

"But you went, Sarah," I remonstrated.

"Some of us," she replied sternly, "must look after the morals of our fellows. Some of us must make martyrs of ourselves in the cause of purity. How nobly Mr. Comstock has saturated himself with filth for the sake of humanity! President Roosevelt read all about the Thaw case in order that he might know it was not fit reading for anybody else; Doctor Parkhurst held a painted woman on his lap, it is said, so that he might warn others less pure. Shall I grow faint where they have been strong? No, I will go to every vile play that is put on the stage, so that I may keep others away."

"And will you take Henry with you, Sarah? Do not forget that Henry is only a man and may not be strong enough to resist the indecency he sees and hears."

"Henry!" she cried scornfully, "do you think he can learn anything new of that sort? I wish you might have heard his cold-blooded chuckle at the Blue Mouse when a rich railroad president was wickedly deceiving his trusting wife. But all men are like that; if they don't deceive their wives, they want to."

"Then," said I hesitatingly, "the indecency on the stage is true to life."

"Of course it is true to life; and that is why it should not be permitted on the stage. It is all very well that a thing is done off the stage, but it is un-American to admit that we are anything but pure and good. That is all that morality is for. Of course, men will be vile and lewd and

unfaithful, but are we for that reason to admit that we know it? No, let us at least pretend to the decency we do not possess."

"Sarah," said I in shocked tones, "you surely cannot mean that we are as immoral as that."

"I do mean it. You should see that awful play, "The Easiest Way," if you don't believe me. Why, all the papers and most of our clergymen are talking about it. They say that, of course, such conditions exist, but that we must not speak of it, nor permit such things to be shown on the stage."

"And is 'The Easiest Way' so very bad?" I asked, seeking information.

"Bad? Why, as I heard one man say the night I was there, it is like a piece cut out of life, and put on the stage. It is the story of a girl who is pursued by a rich man, who keeps her from getting work, and finally starves her into giving herself to him; the hussey! You should see her stepping out of her garret, and going into palatial apartments where she wears gowns that Henry never could afford to give me, his lawful wife. And there is no attempt made to conceal the fact that she is living in shame."

"And do you think there are any such cases in real life?" I demanded.

"What an innocent you are, Margaret! Are there any such cases? Huh! Why every man in New York who can afford it has one of those painted Jezebels on whom he spends the money that belongs to his lawful wife. But Henry doesn't; and wouldn't if he was as rich as Rockefeller. I married him to be taken care of; and I'll see that he lives up to his contract. The worst of it is that some of those creatures are just like the one on the stage, so modest and gentle in manners and appearance that they look more like decent women than some wives do."

"Well, of course," I said thoughtlessly, "a man certainly ought to pay better wages to his wife than to his mistress. I agree with you there, Sarah."

"I never said anything about wages, Margaret. What do you mean? Why, one would think to hear you——"

"I beg your pardon, Sarah," I cried hastily; "I had forgotten how un-American it is to call things by their

proper names. I suppose now," I went on to distract her attention, "that 'Salome' is one of the indecent shows."

"Indecent! it is the worst of the lot. What do you think I heard Henry say to his friend Dinsmore the day after he had been with me to see that awful opera?"

"Was it something awful?"

"He said," and Sarah's eyes flashed fire, "that if he'd been in the place of John the Baptist, it wouldn't have been necessary to cut his head off; he'd have given it freely for just one of Salome's kisses. Can you think of anything worse that that? And he never kisses me except on my birthday; and then I compel him."

"But after all, Sarah," I hastened to say, unable to bear the wrathful gleam in her eyes, "you mustn't forget that the Salome story comes out of the Book of books. What is in the Holy Bible must be pure and good. We must not question what we find there."

"I don't know; maybe you're right," she assented, hesitatingly.

"And as for plays," I went on, "you know the Song of Solomon is a play, and it is part of the holy book, but I don't believe anything warmer than that is on our stage to-day. The way the lover describes the parts of his sweetheart's person is going some, as they say nowadays. I don't believe anything in 'The Girl from Rector's' or in the 'Queen of the Moulin Rouge' is more in—but, of course, if it's in the Bible, it can't be indecent."

"Margaret," said Sarah starting to her feet and angrily pulling her gloves on, "I believe you have deceived me. You have seen these immoral plays. I would not have believed that any clean-minded woman would—that is, unless she went as a student. As for your references to the good book, I will not say I am surprised, but I will say that I am shocked; for you know very well that all nice persons long ago agreed to pretend that the indecencies you speak of were not in the Bible. And as for immorality and indecency in life, if we must admit that they exist, at least we can ignore them. Let them exist in real life, but in the name of our beautiful American purity, let us pretend that we do not know it."

With that she swept out of the house. Somehow I always seem to annoy Sarah.

SAN FRANCISCO ECHOES

THE attempt to suppress free speech in San Francisco, threatening to become an established fact, has been defeated. Doubly defeated, because it has been made to do good service in awakening the liberty-loving people to the danger and making them conscious of the evils that lie in the wake of suppression of free speech and free assembly.

With what effort and at what cost this authoritarian invasion was repelled, our codefenders of free speech have a right to know. In conjunction with the Social Science League, Dr. Ben. L. Reitman had completed every arrangement for a series of eight lectures and two debates by Emma Goldman, at the Victory Theater, beginning Jan. 13th. After one lecture had been delivered, both our comrades were arrested on eight charges of "conspiracy to rout" or "riot," and held on $8,000 bail each. No riot had yet occurred and, therefore, they were arrested "for the chickens they were going to steal," the arrangements for each lecture constituting the "conspiracy."

With Alexander Horr, the leading spirit of the Social Science League, in jail as a consequence of his activity in advertising these lectures, I found most of the responsibility for "doing something" on my shoulders. Dollars and dimes disappear like water through a sieve when things are "hot" and must be done in a hurry. But thousands of dollars are not easy to procure, and after one day's delay, and then another's, our comrades were still in jail. Lack of liberty is difficult to endure, but wretched food and "impossible" apartments make it worse. I am sure that if you are ever in jail, a few doughnuts, books, and clothing from the outside would be welcome.

While our energetic attorney, Ernest E. Kirk, was battling for the reduction of bail, I was collecting money. But San Francisco could only supply $1,000. I saw light when Los Angeles offered $2,500, and New York over $5,000. I had hoped to raise as much here, and called a protest meeting in the Victory Theater, where the rent had already been paid, only to have our peaceable assembly dispersed by force—police force.

After our "conspirators" had spent the better part of

the week in jail, the bail was reduced to nothing, but they were re-arrested and bail set at $2,000. Needless to say, the arrangements and advertisements for lectures left us with a deficit appalling to contemplate. A conspiracy of silence was indulged in by all the leading newspapers with regard to the case and the acquittal.

The magazine published by Comrade Goldman, MOTHER EARTH, was thus deprived of the usual means of support, and, while free speech had been trampled upon, it remained to take advantage of its vindication.

It seems, however, that the successful throttling of the Victory Theater lectures, in January, made a public impression that our vigorous efforts in February certainly unseated, but did not financially afford recuperation. In fact, these efforts barely paid their own way. As no Australian steamers were to leave this port until March, lectures were arranged for in San Francisco every Sunday, and in surrounding towns for other dates; but in consequence of persistent rainy weather and other unavoidable factors, no financial success attended a single effort, excepting the last debates with Walter Thomas Mills, Socialist, which fortunately netted the price of a fare to New York.

Besides the unutterable exasperations and emotional turmoil attending a series of non-successes of this kind, heaped upon the disappointment of well-laid plans for a trip to Australia, Miss Goldman has endured enough without taking up her pen to make this report.

While quite a number of people have become intensely interested, and no better propaganda work has been done here in recent years, yet, in consequence of this one act of police interference, incalculable loss has been suffered. Only the hearty response for defence funds has made it possible for this brave woman and her good helper, Dr. Reitman, to persist in this fight for free speech, to successfully establish the issue, and finally enabled them to proceed on their way south. With all lovers of liberty, I rejoice that the fight is well won, and would that we again subscribe

"Millions for defence,
But not one cent for tribute."

CASSIUS V. COOK, Sec. F. S. League.

FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND

San Francisco Account.

RECEIPTS.

Per John Kassel, San Francisco	$17.50
H. J. Maddox, San Francisco	10.00
Social Science League Collected, San Francisco	7.50
A. Horr, San Francisco	6.35
C. V. Cook, San Francisco	6.00
Wm. Buwalda, San Francisco	5.00
A. Iseman, San Francisco	5.00
J. Edelson, San Francisco	5.00
Mr. Etique, San Francisco	5.00
Mr. Weinberg, San Francisco	5.00
Mr. Finburd, San Francisco.	5.00
F. Erklens, San Francisco	5.00
A. Robins, San Francisco	5.00
B. Fernstein, San Francisco.	5.00
Lydia Todd, San Francisco	5.00
A. Makower, San Francisco	5.00
J. Biesterbis, San Francisco	5.00
Mr. Garish, San Francisco	3.00
J. Davidson, San Francisco	2.00
E. Frank, San Francisco	2.00
Mr. Burroughs, San Francisco	1.50
Mr. Blumberg, San Francisco	1.00
Mr. Shapiro, San Francisco	1.00
Collected at Dreamland Pavilion Protest Meeting	35.35
C. T. Sprading, Los Angeles	25.00
Claude Riddle, Los Angeles	10.00
Wm. C. Owen, Los Angeles.	10.00
Chas. Clark, Los Angeles	5.00
Flora Oppleger, Los Angeles.	5.00
R. Wirth, Los Angeles	5.00
A Friend, Los Angeles	10.00
Knox & Richards, Los Angeles	2.50
May M. Bostick, Los Angeles	1.00
Mamie H. Marks, Los Angeles	1.00
R. Zeitner, Los Angeles	1.00
Walter R. Gisske, Los Angeles	1.50
H. Schaffer, Los Angeles	1.00
Susan Balfe, Los Angeles	5.00
Pauline Cantor, Los Angeles.	.50
A. Shapiro, Los Angeles	.50
G. Messmar, Los Angeles	.50
Edmond Norton, Los Angeles	.25
A Friend, Los Angeles	.50
G. Gillespie, Los Angeles	.50
Wm. Becker, Los Angeles	.50
Fr. Louder, Los Angeles	.50
Sol. Saunder, Los Angeles	1.00
G. Soyez, Los Angeles	10.00
Ernest Besselman, San Diego	1.00
Per Ernest Wirth, East Passadena	3.00
Abbey B. Morgan, Gavanza, Cal.	3.00
Per Dr. Geo. Pyburn, Sacramento, Cal.	27.75
Per A. Wilbers, Seattle, Wash.	15.00
Carried forward	$300.70

Brought forward	$300.70
A Friend, Seattle, Wash.	1.00
Per S. Siven, Portland, Ore.	6.00
Kitty Beck, Portland, Ore.	5.00
C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore.	15.00
Mr. Holzworth, Portland, Ore.	1.50
Per A. Edelstadt, Butte, Mont.	7.50
Per J. Cline, Salt Lake City, Utah	6.75
Dr. C. D. Spivach, Denver, Colo.	1.00
Sidney W. Hooper, Fargo, N. Dak.	5.00
Chas. Steinhauser, New Ulm, Minn.	5.00
A Friend, New Ulm, Minn.	1.00
Dr. A. Tappan, Kansas City, Mo.	1.00
Daniel Kiefer, Cincinnati, O.	10.00
Fay Lewis, Brockton, Ill.	5.00
Per Dr. R. M. Yampolsky, Chicago	14.00
Herman J. Schad, St. Louis, Mo.	2.00
Per F. Kramer, Winnipeg, Canada	5.00
Per N. Hornstein, London, Ont.	27.50
Leonard Abbott, New York.	5.00
Per Alexander Berkman, New York	145.00
Total	$569.95

EXPENDITURES.

Legal Services, Kirk & King	$150.00
Legal Papers, and Reports.	22.30
Per C. V. Cook, Expenses in connection with arrest, bail, etc.	33.25
Printing Appeal Circular	5.00
E. G. Expenses, postage, telegrams, 'phones	25.00
E. G. & Ben R., Expenses Jail	20.00
Deficit on Meetings stopped by Police	62.13
For publishing MOTHER EARTH since police interference.	150.00
Living expenses, E. G. and Ben. R., S. F.	102.27
	$569.95

Received at M. E. Office.

Previously acknowledged	$169.75
H. Kuehn, Chicago	1.00
M. Slive, Syracuse, N. Y.	1.00
N. Navro, Phila.	1.00
I. Goldenberg, Norwich, Conn.	.50
K. Raizen, Norwich, Conn.	.30
M. Henkin, Norwich, Conn.	.25
Mr. Clyan, Norwich, Conn.	.10
Mr. Liberman, Norwich, Conn.	.10
Carried forward	$174.00

FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND—Continued

Brought forward.....	$174.00
M. E. Taft, Norwich, Conn..	.50
K. Sefanovitz, Norwich, Conn.	.50
B. Solomon, Norwich, Conn.	.30
Mr. Capten, Norwich, Conn.	.50
Mr. Kipfer, New York.....	3.00
J. Roman, Ladd, Ill.....	1.00
Bolton Hall, N. Y.....	5.00
S. Mundo, Hammond, Ind..	1.00
H. Piccolotto, Black Diamond, Wash.....	1.00
Joe Contratto, Gle Elum, Wash.....	1.00
A. I. Task, Brockton, Mass..	1.00
L. Acitelli, Dudley, Pa.....	.25
J. Kutshan, Petersburg, Va..	100.00
G. Weiss, New York.....	1.00
Carried forward.....	$290.05

Brought forward.....	$290.05
Ego, New York.....	1.00
S. M. B., New York.....	1.00
Dr. Andrews, New York....	2.00
E. Casadei, Vancouver, B. C.	.50
G. Galetti, Vancouver, B. C.	.50
M. Kisluik, Atlantic City....	2.00
J. H. Hyman, Atlantic City..	1.00
H. E. Zucas, Atlantic City..	1.00
T. G. Fredrick, Atlantic City	.50
H. Hoffman, Atlantic City..	.50
A. Astroff, Atlantic City....	1.00
T. Rosenblatt, Atlantic City.	.50
M. Keffer, Atlantic City....	.50
A. Nany, Atlantic City.....	.50
Marsh Co.....	1.00
W. Tauber, New York.....	2.00
Total	$305.55

Out of the total of $305.55, received at M. E. office, $145.00 were sent to San Francisco and are included in the S. F. Account.

TO OUR READERS.

This issue begins the fourth year of the magazine. We urgently request our subscribers to send in their renewal at once, as—according to the ruling of the Post Office Department—we cannot carry any unpaid subscribers.

Voltairine de Cleyre

WILL LECTURE AT THE

Harlem Liberal Alliance

100 WEST 116th STREET, NEW YORK

Friday Evening, March 26th, 1909

SUBJECT:

Anarchism and American Traditions

ADMISSION, 10 CENTS